Volume LVIII CHICAGO, DECEMBER 27, 1906 Number 17

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

## Christmas Greeting

Here's my hand and here's my heart,
Friendship true can never part,
Quiet home and busy mart
Swell the greeting chorus.

Bright be day, and calm be night,
Strong the will and clear the sight,
Christmas spirit be your might,
In the months before us!

Christmas spirit with its cheer,
Fill your life and crown New Year.

—*Edward A. Horton.*

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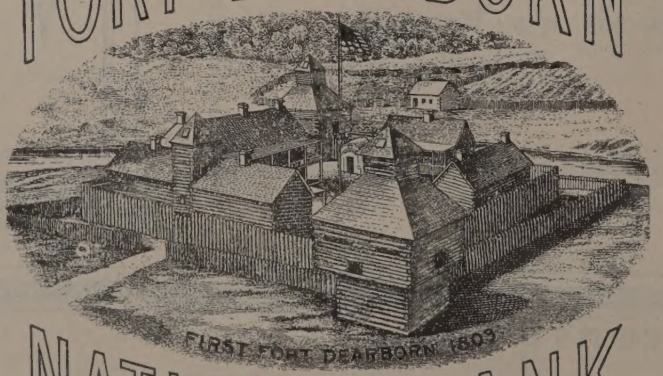


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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1906 NUMBER 17

**A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.**

**When Christmas sends its loving glow**
**Across the snow,**
**And human hearts are warmed, and melt,**
**And joy is felt,**
**One thought should find a lodgment sure,**
**And e'er endure;**
**The thing we need, to grace the day**
**And all the way,**
**Is not a gift of gummy myrrh**
**Or priceless fur,**
**But just a common WILL made GOOD**
**TO MEN—for food.**
**'Twill grow on that, and thrive apace—**
**The human race,**
**And earth will be a very heaven**
**From such a leaven.**

*—Charles A. Murdock.*

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Anything from the pen of the President of Leland Stanford University is never "too late' for UNITY, consequently we are glad to make room for the following note from David Starr Jordan, although it came too late for our symposium:

"The best book I have read this year is Andrew D. White's Autobiography. This comes too late for your purpose, and so I shall not dwell on the reasons why."

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The daily paper and the monthly magazine throw not only the book but the quarterly into the shade. But the one who studies carefully the contents of the *Political Science Quarterly*, edited by the faculty of political science of Columbia University, will probably have better insight into the problems of the times and come into closer touch with the leaders of thought and reform than the voracious devourer of the daily paper who bases his opinions on information gained therein. The December number is an informing one, concerning Russian Peasants, the Housing Problem in San Francisco, and other timely questions.

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*The Old and New*, the persistent little monthly of the Iowa Unitarians, has passed into the hands of Rev. Eleanor E. Gordon as Senior Editor, and the December number shows the vigor of a fresh hand. Miss Gordon is now the Field Secretary of the organization that has been the most militant state organization in the Unitarian brigade. She carries into the work an educational element, a recognition of the truth that the cause of progressive religion today needs more thought rather than more organization. The call is for more conscience in existing pulpits and pews rather than more pews and newer pulpits. In the future as in the past we will watch with interest and sympathy these Iowa campaigners.

The *Society Times* of Chicago is, as the name indicates, an attempt to reflect the doings among the "upper ten," which has grown to be the "upper four hundred." But this reporter of the fashions and the fashionable ventures to give this estimate of the recent "Horse Show":

To any thinking man the human spectacle of a crowded night is almost pitiable. As an exhibition of the rankest snobbery—the mean admiration for mean things, as Thackeray defined it—vulgar display and reckless extravagance, it is a spectacle calculated to make one blush for his species. The well dressed and more or less well bred throng that once left its impress upon the show has been swamped by a mob of parvenues, vulgarians and cheap emulators of a society made notorious through Sunday supplements. The show still has the complete endorsement of fashionable society; but it is not ladies and gentlemen that give it its distinguishing character. What the vast majority attends the show for may easily be discerned by looking down upon the promenade, where ninety-five per cent of the crowd is facing away from the area and brazenly staring at the men and women in the boxes. A composite picture of the boxes and seats presents to mind an array of dissatisfied looking women dressed with criminal extravagance, in gowns, furs and hats that are seldom becoming to the wearer. If anything is calculated to aggravate the jealousy and irritation which exorbitant riches seem to inspire, it is the vulgar display incident to the annual Horse Show.

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The *Literary Digest* for December 22 presents the "features of the magazines for the coming year" and exhibits twelve attractive faces of the editors of twelve out of the twenty-six magazines thus outlined. This exhibit shows where much of the best brain, certainly the most active writers of today, find their outlet. The magazine has the floor today. It will be bought whether it will be read or not. That much of this matter must go unread by those who purchase it is a matter of mathematical demonstration and it ought to be a matter of encouragement to the thoughtful that even in this attractive exhibit there is a great deal that one need not read and still be reasonably intelligent. In all the exhibit, Miss Tarbell's promised article on "The Tariff In Our Times," the *Century's* "War Series," in which further light is to be thrown upon the lives of Lincoln, Jeff Davis, Lee, Grant, and their associates, Carl Schurz's "American Reminiscenses," and Georgine Milmine's "Life of Mary Baker Glover Eddy," are clearly the most "commanding." At the beginning of a new year the "intelligent reader" should heroically resolve to do much wise skipping if much profitable reading is to be accomplished.

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The fusion of the Merchants' and Commercial Clubs of Chicago, which is practically consummated, is an ominous sign of surrender on the part of the younger club—the Merchants' Club—to the conservative capitalistic complacency and conventional respectability that

is the chief characteristic of the multi-millionaire club. The Commercial Club has represented the respectabilities of wealth, and if it considered philanthropic problems at all they were of the safe, conservative kind, the palliative, remedial kind, of the hospital and orphan asylum type. Once in their history they made a dash in the direction of productive and preventive charity when they founded the Chicago Manual Training School, but they soon wearied of its maintenance and consented to its practical obliteration in the interest of another school in another location, doing a desirable work but to a different constituency. The Merchants' Club, on the other hand, being composed of the younger representatives of prosperity, has taken the initiative on many lines. It has indicated its readiness to discuss the hot, and on that account, the vital questions of the hour. It will be interesting to watch the result of this fusion. Will the sedate leaders succeed in holding down the fractious youth or will the young men succeed in injecting a degree of live and prophetic courage into the stately organization?

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Apropos the Congo agitation and a demand for a radical investigation into the condition of that unfortunate and remote people, a correspondent calls attention to the fact that the root of the evil lies further back. A Morefield Story is responsible for the following facts:

"In an account of a victory won by the Dutch over the natives of Basli, the followers of the native princes, numbered in all four hundred men, were killed, while the Dutch lost but four killed and ten wounded. The British in Natal slaughtered 575 Zulus, not losing a man; while it is said that the Germans have in a year reduced the Henoro natives from 80,000 souls to 2,000, mostly women and children. We know our own record in the Philippines and how the Moros fell at Mt. Dajo; how the negro is treated, and the Chinese. If we would strike at the root of the evil, we must strike at the awful false idea of white superiority, for lopping off a hand here and there is but wasted effort. The friends of peace are trying to make it universal, but it is like putting on the roof when the foundation is not yet in. There can be no peace and should be no peace until it is the peace of brotherhood. If the Creator had wanted a horrible monotony of superior white people, I doubt if he would have made all the interesting and marvelous varieties of men. Do we not need a bodyguard of human brotherhood! The weak ones are indeed fallen, but I wonder if they do not fall nearer heaven than the mighty, conquering, superior and advancing host. We are moving in some direction, but is it up and forward? Is there not danger that the leaders of causes will become as selfish as the leaders of industry, each wanting to blow his trumpet a little louder than his associates. I wonder sometimes if the angels do not weep over the discordant and jangling noises of the leaders of human progress even more than they do over the fallen ones, that we white men, in our pious pride walk over. Can we not do something to bring America to her knees before God without having her knocked down first?

To all of which the Editor says "Amen!"

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A correspondent from Texas sends us the familiar poem of "What I Live For," with some comment upon the authorship, saying that the weight of evidence is in favor of the late Lord Houghton. But we think we can revise our correspondent and assure him that a still later evidence makes the poem the joint product of J. L. Banks and his wife. We believe Dr. Banks was an English physician, but whoever wrote it, the dear old poem is worth reproducing in the sunny days of the Christmas tide. Hence, here it is:

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can Do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To sanctify the union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail the season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

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The hesitancy of the United States government to adopt the postal savings bank system, that has been so successfully tried in many of the European Powers is not only a source of surprise but a source of humiliation. Why should this government, so boastful of its democracy, hold back so persistently in a matter that is so directly related to the well being of the people? We believe that the real reason is to be traced to the opposition of Wall Street, the hesitancy of the administration to break with the money powers, the banking interests of the country, which of course is necessarily conservative, oftentimes selfishly so. But the alleged reason, most often urged, is the fact that money commands in this country a higher rate of interest than the government could afford to pay. Or, to put the argument in another form, the possibility of opening an account with the government would soon fill the coffers of the United States treasury with more money than it would know what to do with. The first answer to this objection is that small depositors are more anxious for the safety than they are for the earning power of their money, and every defalcation and bank failure that occurs proves a moral depression more serious even than the loss of money. This last week Chicago has had another explosion; another revelation of unscrupulous administration; another group of hard-working people whose Christmas joys are converted into disappointment, shame and indignation. With clenched fist they stolidly say, "What is the use of saving money for rascals to exploit?" All this would be obviated if the government would take in charge such savings. But the Homecroft movement and the

Rural Settlements Association, headed by George H. Maxwell, proposes not only a legitimate but an inspiring outlet for the accumulated deposits, by promoting irrigation schemes in the arid sections of our country and other encouragements to the small homesteader and the intensive farmer. Mr. Maxwell in a private letter says in support of this plan:

> I believe that the administration of such a measure as the National Irrigation Act where the nation as a whole is doing a great work for the benefit of all the people, and still more, what would be done under the National Homecroft Bill, which would cover a much wider field, will go a long ways to lift the eyes of the people above mere sectional selfish issues, and get them into the habit of contemplating national benefits as well. I think that right there lies one of the strongest arguments in favor of the National Homecroft Bill.

In the same communication Mr. Maxwell says:

> I think this is an argument which must be recognized and met, and it can be met in no other way so completely as by the National Homecroft Bill, which provides for the use of the money of the people directly for the benefit of the people in preserving our national supplies of timber and wood, reclaiming land for homes and creating opportunities for homemakers to get homes on the land and learn how to till it.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> You ought to read the article in the last *Forum* about the New Nippon. Near the beginning of the article the author, who is a Japanese, calls attention to the national spirit of that people, and the fact that each individual is guided by a spirit of loyalty to the whole rather than by the American spirit of "every man for himself and devil take the hindmost." The quotation is mine, but I think it is peculiarly applicable to the prevailing spirit in this country.

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## The Sunday Problem in Chicago

There are some indications that the Sunday question will be a very considerable element in the mayoralty election in Chicago next spring. the persistent agitation of the Sunday closing of the saloons, in certain quarters, has aroused the opposition which will be successful in organizing its forces. The saloon and gambling element always understand one another and they are ready for a compact organization in any emergency, while the preachers and the forces for good government they represent are the least organized of all the social forces in Chicago. If the issue could be fairly made between a "wide open town," which would mean that the corrupting influences of the saloon and its attendant forces would be immensely more operative on Sunday than on any other day in the week, on the one hand, and a rational application of the Rest Day, based on sociological and economic grounds, the campaign would be a most welcome one and the result, we believe, would be overwhelmingly in favor of a day of quiet, a day of suspended labor, in which the temptations of the city would be minimized and the greatest opportunity be offered for the repairing of the ravages done by the city to the brain, nerve, and muscle energies of its citizens during the six days' over-strain. The result of such a frank campaign would be a thorough revision of the city code, a more scientific discrimination between the industries that are essential to the successful promotion of the day of rest,—such as the operating of the street cars and the necessary lunch and refreshment counters, and those that are distracting and unnecessary. The organization of the saloonkeepers threatens that if the law is enforced in their case it must also be radically enforced in all its other applications, and their contention is right. There is a vast amount of commercialism carried on in Chicago on Sunday that ought to be suspended in the interest of the overworked wage-earner, and the slight inconvenience that such an enforcement would bring to the favored and the leisure class ought to be cheerfully borne.

The discouraging aspect of this agitation is that the issue will not be allowed to come to the polls on its merits. It will be obscured on the one hand by the Sabbatarian confusion of the representatives of the church who will persist in injecting a theological and dogmatic element into the discussion, the "Success-of-the-Party" leaders on the other hand. The state, happily severed from the church, must not confuse matters here; neither must the rights of labor, the plain requirements of economics and physiological science be menaced by secular dogmatism and commercial greed. Nothing better could happen to the city of Chicago than the presentation of a "wide open" candidate on the one hand and an honest, fearless, "enforce-the-law" candidate on the other. This would be a campaign worth while; one that would measure the real intelligence and moral status of the city of Chicago more effectually perhaps than any other issue that could be presented.

Chicago has been fighting so long for its right to its own property and to a voice in the administration of the same that it has allowed all the questions of progressive and ethical initiative to go by default. Let the candidates for the mayor's chair declare themselves on this issue.

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## Religion is Life

I do not propose to enter into a discussion, once more, of the right of any man to preach doctrines contrary to the established creed of his own church. This question has been threshed over and over again, since Dr. Swing and Dr. Thomas and Dr. Briggs and Dr. Carter, and we know not how many more fell under suspicion or discipline. But what I do care to consider is the claim, made by the decision of the higher Ecclesiastical Court, that every church is in some way bound by its constitutional condition to adhere to a fixed creed and an unchanging set of doctrines. They tell us that "The church, as the guardian of the Christian faith, as it has received and declared it, cannot, without betraying its trust, permit doctrines which it holds essential and fundamental, to be impugned by those who minister at her altars, however pure their motives or sincere their convictions." Is Christianity or has Christianity ever been a certain fixed something, unchangeable and incapable of development? Or on the contrary, has it not always been a life, a growth, an evolution, from age to age and generation to generation? Has this not been claimed by our authorities and defenders, that the greatness of Christianity lies in its

expansiveness, its adjustability, its peculiar fitness for becoming the working faith of different generations and different people? It is true that we have certain formulas that have come down to us through a good many ages, but it is equally true that these are only a feeble fraction of that which has not survived. And these which are claimed to be survivals are interpreted with the greatest freedom inside and outside the church. The Apostle's Creed is just now being clipped off from the common consensus of Christian people, in Germany, in England and in America, as becoming so thoroughly dissociated with modern thought and feeling as to become empty phraseology.

We have then, two things, the personality of Jesus himself, and the gospel reports of his teachings, which we may hold as our standards. Clearly the only interpreter of Jesus himself must be the man who preaches. He it is whose business is to enter into soul communion with the Master Spirit, and so be able to reveal the richness of divine life buried in that soul. This we conceive to be the first and greatest commission of a pastor. Jesus distinctively sent his disciples to teach everywhere, saying that he would be with them to the end of the world. It is this personal communion that makes the preacher effective. If he cannot personally know Jesus, he will remain unfit to interpret him. Jesus himself went into the wilderness (the Nature school) to learn of the Father. He taught his disciples to shut the door, and in secret to find God. He led them about the fields with the intent to show them how everything, from the olive tree to the lily, expressed the Divine Life. He himself taught only as he was filled with the One, the Father. He repeatedly pledged those whom he appointed as preachers that they should have a personal intercourse with the Divine Spirit, which should enable them to know the truth, and to speak as the tongues of fire.

As for the Gospel reports of Jesus, it has become an accepted mission of the preacher to interpret these. This is his specific business in the pulpit every Sunday. He does not repeat the Apostles' Creed, or read the Westminster Catechism, but he speaks what he himself sees and hears of the higher life, and the love promulgated by his Master. If he be a live man, he will see more day by day, and he will be able, feeling more, to speak more wisely. Who shall say to this man that he must see according to the light of others, or hear with other's ears, and forever cease to receive the light direct from the Master himself, and from his Gospel! Who shall say there is no more to do, no more studying, and no more growing? Does it not seem evident that the very essence of the Gospel and the whole spirit of religion, requires and involves life, investigation, increase of knowledge and of wisdom? Why, otherwise, were disciples chosen, apostles appointed, and prophets selected?

But this Court of Reviews decision seems to run counter to historic evolution, and to set up a denial against all religious expansion. What the church holds that it must continue to hold; what it believes it must continue to believe. What the ablest preachers and prophets of the age assent to at twenty-five they must agree with at fifty. There is no such thing as Christian life, that is, so far as our social and coöperative affairs are concerned. A man may grow, but he must do it by himself; when two men have agreed upon a creed that ends the matter, for two will constitute a church and a church must not grow. This decision carries much farther than its promulgators intended—possibly. Certainly it cannot be the simple purpose of these judges to suppress one of the most eloquent and most godly preachers and workers in America. They are laying down great and broad principles, in defense of their action, and whether they intended it or not, they have forbidden all possible change, all free thought and free feeling, all natural evolution, and hereafter Jesus Christ must be a corpse in the creed.

E. P. Powell.

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## Correspondence

Editors of Unity: I find in a late issue of *The Nation*, of New York, the following comments on the Crapsey case, very significant in their bearing on the duty of other ministers holding his views, and as the way intelligent laymen look on the subject.

John C. Kimball.

"The decision that the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey is a heretic is now confirmed by the highest tribunals of the Episcopal Church. We do not see how the Court of Review could reach any other conclusion. Until some body, such as a general convention, entitled to speak for the Church, declares that belief in the Virgin Birth is a non-essential, the Court was bound to construe the words of the creed according to their obvious acceptation, the meaning which they have carried for centuries. If Dr. Crapsey holds that Christ was not the son of human parents, his place is in some organization which admits that view. Furthermore, he should not be made the sole martyr in that cause. If he is driven from his parish, all brother laymen who think with him are bound logically and morally to abide by the sentence passed upon him. If they are really spiritual leaders, they must speak out and take the consequences with him, rather than stultify themselves by silence. The easy way is to smother conviction and say nothing; but the clergyman who allows Dr. Crapsey to suffer while he himself, guilty of the same offense, escapes, knows in his soul that he is unfit not only for the ministry, but for association with honest men."

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Colonel Crockett's "Coöperative Christmas" is a capital combination of fun and generous impulse. It represents the Colonel as hiring Madison Square Garden, in New York, for a Christmas reception. A huge Christmas tree was to distribute presents to everybody. The Colonel tells us that, while the expenses were high, he would do it all over again because the fun he got out of it more than paid. It was broad daylight when he got home, "all wore out with happiness." He thinks that all this world is good for is to act in a way "to have your heart nearly break wide open with joy and fellowship."

## THE PULPIT

### The Religion Needed

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE BY REV. C. A. OSBORNE, SECRETARY OF THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

*And there were certain Greeks came to Philip, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus.* (John XII:21.)

The problem that commands our thought this morning is the far-reaching query, "What kind of religion does the world want?" Needless to say, I do not ask this question in any captious spirit, nor with any intention of assuming the role either of prophet or priest. I merely wish to ask what is the religious demand that the children of the Infinite Father are making the world over? What is the dominant and characteristic cry of the human heart in the world today, and in the various ranges of human life as we know it today? It is undoubtedly true that the world in which we live is not quite what it was yesterday or any other day in human history.

"Time makes ancient good uncouth;
He must upward, onward ever, who would keep abreast of truth."

But it is also true that humanity has been forever human, as God has been forever God, and history repeats itself because the deepest needs, the most fundamental and inevitable ambitions of the human heart have been practically the same through the ages.

In every age those who have opened the windows of their souls to mark the streaks up the eastern sky which herald the day-dawn, have been filled with longings unsatisfied. All men who have ever lifted their heads above the level of mere animal nature, have been blessed with visions of the unrealized, with ambitions for the unattained, with a holy discontent that was at once an inspiration and a challenge.

This is the deep truth written in the biography of human souls—nor are those who understand human life surprised thereat. If once we see whence man has come, if once we realize of what sort he is, with what divine capacities endowed, on what God-imaged plan he is made—if ever we get a glimpse of the infinite future, the magnificent heritage, the God-fellowshipped eternity held out to the human race, we shall rather be immeasurably surprised that any man should ever try to satisfy himself with mere perishable pleasures, or quiet the longings of his soul with the husks of earthliness. Man, whenever and wherever true to himself or responsive to his God fatherhood, is forever unsatisfied, is forever blessed, or cursed if he choose—with the infinite soul longings, the deep heart searchings of this God-given spirit of life.

Our text is an illustration of this great truth; is not an incident merely in the history of one individual, but is a revealing and classifying fact in the biography of the human soul, the evolution of the human race.

The other day in an old city of the orient—it might have been in Chicago but yesterday, so far as the soul tragedy was concerned—there was a great gathering of people from all the country round about, a vast crowd pouring into the narrow streets of the city at the time of the annual Feast Day, the great national holiday. From every direction they came; some on swift moving camels and some on small donkeys, and by far the larger number on foot. Over the hills from the east, down through Samaria and the valley from the north, up from the south land, and hither from the shores of the great sea to the west, men of all nationalities and of virtually all types of life, are come together to this mecca of the Hebrew faith. Most of them are, of course, Jews, as the cut of their garments and their features reveal, coming up on their religious pilgrimage. But some of them are mere merchants drawn hither by the opportunities of trade and perhaps some by curiosity only. There are Romans from the world empire of the west, as well as pilgrims from Constantinople, Egypt and Babylon—each distinguished by their characteristic gaily colored robes and by the facial lineaments of their nationality.

Among the great crowd, possibly in the caravan that has just wound around the slopes of the Mount of Olives, down past the Garden of Gethsemane and entered the historic city through the Fish Gate,—among these pilgrims passing up the narrow street there are certain ones whose tunics of fine texture approve the fact stamped on the aquiline features that they are Greek in race and culture. And the bare glimpse we have of them in the history preserved for us tells us they are come also with a deep purpose, a soul hunger that lifts them to the range of the typal and the universal. No mere pleasure seekers, no curiosity hunters, no forerunners of the nineteenth century globe-trotters are these Greeks, for they are representatives of the most cultured, the most scholarly, and one of the most religiously inclined civilizations of the world. And yet they are coming to a Jew who belongs to the most degraded and despised race of the age, the social and political pariahs of their time, and scorning the ridicule that the world will heap upon them, they dare to come even to a Jew, asking to see a man who may give them a vision of God. It is no mere incident in the life of Jesus, but a pregnant fact, a world experience—even the meeting and the conflict of two great religions, two vast crusades wide as the two races represented in the contest. It would be well worth while to know of the soul experiences of these Greeks who come to Jerusalem with this courteous question on their lips; and still more it would profit us to know who was this Jesus that even his Jewish ancestry could not prohibit the homage and earnest solicitation of the cultured descendants of a proud nation of truth seekers who had crucified and then learned to worship a Socrates. From the vantage ground of the twentieth century it may be we can discover something of the meaning and the significance of the Greek request of our text—and perhaps also something of the real power of that Jesus whom even a Grecian civilization desired to see.

I. If we may assume from the context that this coming of Greeks to Jesus was no isolated case, but was a common experience often repeated in his life so that the writer of the story regarded it as supremely significant, it is important to realize what these Greeks stood for,—what they had already and hence what they came to get.

Culture manifestly they did have, physical and intellectual and of a certain sort spiritual too. Physically the Greek was fairly well developed. He had both the ideal and the realization of culture. Even to this day the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Milo remain as the unsurpassed ideals of physical beauty and perfection. And in the practical achievement of their physical ideals the Greeks would not need to yield the palm to Americans. The women of that day were not obliged to pursue beauty at the expense of physical health, by encasing their bodies in a jacket of steel, nor to sweep the streets with a long train in obedience to the mandates of dame fashion. They had health and strength as women of today do not have it. And

though it is true that American athletes recently won the lion's share of prizes at the reëstablished Olympic games, it is also undoubtedly true that the average health and strength of the people of America is very much below the standard of ancient Greeks.

In intellectual culture also the Greek made himself the marvel of the world. Greek literature stands today the acknowledged classic of human history. One only needs to mention the name of Homer the unapproached, of Aristotle, the "broad-browed" philosopher, of Aristides who immortalized the cardinal principle of justice as an element of truth and life, of Solon who has enthroned law in the temple of the nation, not to speak of Plato and Socrates and the rest,—to make manifest the debt of the world to Greek culture. These worthies are even yet fountain sources of the streams of the world's literary beauty, and force and vision.

And as to spiritual culture, the great apostle who stood on Mars Hill to speak of Jesus, began with a frank recognition of a belief in the true God even though a very imperfect one. He said, "Men of Athens, I perceive that you are very religious." And, "Whom you ignorantly worship Him declare I unto you." And surely, when we consider the number of Gods and Goddesses, the emphasis placed on religious observance, the place religion occupied in civic and social and even political life,—if we regard this as any criterion, there was some development in soul culture. Plato asserted, "Men must serve God or serve the good for naught"—which is about as orthodox a statement as could be heard today. And Socrates had written on the very hearts of his countrymen that truth must be sought for its own sake and no quarter given to anyone not loyal to the truth. And so I say these Greeks were cultured. Nevertheless they were still soul hungry. From all the variety and bounty of religious manna that loaded the altars in the countless temples of Greece they turned away hungry and unsatisfied. Surfeited with religion, wearied with Gods and Goddesses,—their spiritual senses nauseated with the hosts of delusions in their national religion, they were ready to brave anything the world might say or think, if only they could see Jesus and ask a vision and a message of God. Culture and spiritual appetency they had, and it was only soul hunger—not ignorance nor fear that spurred them on.

Being Greeks they were natural and skillful truth seekers and would be satisfied with nothing less. Intellectual and spiritual liberty would remain with the Greek or his discipleship would be impossible. These men came to see Jesus, not Judaism, not to find an order of sacrifice or temple service, not to read rolls of sacred writings, or learn of ancient superstitions, not even to see a man said to have been born of God—for all their own delusive mythology was made up on that claim—but to see Jesus came these unsatisfied seekers after God. Who then was this Jesus who could summon these Greeks?

II. Even the most cursory study of the words and deeds that are not denied even by skeptic students of the biography of the Nazarene will make manifest to us several truths about Jesus:

Clearly Jesus was no rosy-figured dilettante, no amateur playing at life and painting inspiring pictures of a far away heaven that might be attained. For thirty years a carpenter's son and a workman himself, a man among men, testing and proving his faith, but so true to the normal human life that not one of his friends was able to recognize him in other guise than as a carpenter's son. Again (2), Jesus was no casuist, no scribe appealing to ancient law or teaching, but yet a man who spoke with astounding authority—his own truth-filled soul's authority. (3) He was no traditionalist either, no formalist asserting the one pathway unto God. Reverence for the past he surely had, but he did not hesitate to assert, "It hath been said, but I say unto you.—" and so he calmly declared, "Not one jot or one title of the law shall pass away until all be fulfilled." That "until" is the herald of a new day. What law of right or justice or truth is bounded by an until? When Jesus set an until in the Old Testament horizon he distinctly announced the new dispensation which was to supersede the old. The old was UNTIL the day of his truth by which it was fulfilled and displaced. Nor did he give a code of laws, a universal rule of truth for all men. Recall how he spoke to different ones each in his special way:

Nicodemus came asking what was necessary to secure eternal life, and Jesus answered, "Ye must be born again." But when the rich young ruler came with the self-same question he answered: "Keep the commandments," and then, "Go sell all thou hast and give to the poor." And when the lawyer questioned him of these things he gave the wonderful parable of the Good Samaritan, implying that the Jericho road might be or might fail to be the pathway unto life, according as men treated their neighbors. Finally, when he called his disciples unto and into the kingdom of heaven there seems to have been no word about a new birth, but only a summons to follow him. Clearly, Jesus was the preacher of a narrow way—a way too narrow for two to walk in, a way that led straight from where each man stood unto the Father himself.

(4) Once more, Jesus was no Ecclesiastic, preaching a particular creed or church or ritual. Although he was a Jew he could say to the woman by the well, "The time cometh and now is, when neither in this mountain nor yet in Jerusalem men must worship the Father," but anywhere there is spirit and truth there is the true disciple and the real church.

In a word, this Jesus was a teacher of the universal Fatherhood and the world-wide brotherhood—the first one in human history. He was the first teacher to declare the universal and limitless opportunity open to all of human life. His convincing truth was, Live up to the light you have, do the truth you know; cherish the convictions that are yours; obey the aspirations of your own soul—be true to the deepest realities of your own self; follow where truth, beauty, goodness and right lead you, and above all, give yourself to unselfish ministry. To these Greeks he said: "He that saveth his life shall lose it." "He that giveth his life shall find it." This is the open sesame to the Limitless life in the kingdom of God, and this is the precept and example of the Nazarene whom Greeks sought and followed.

III. Now, in very general and imperfect fashion we have seen what these Greeks came for and what they found worthy of their faith and loyalty; but what of the world today? What kind of religion do men want today? Am I right in suggesting that the world today is largely Greek in its culture and equipment, in its temper of mind and type of thought? Greek in its longing and its heart hunger, in its inquiry and its searching for a God-vision; Greek in its demand for truth, for intellectual liberty, for real and personal relationship with the Father himself? Look around the world where you will, note its desire and its vision, its impatience with forms and traditions, with dogmas and statutes; its hope and faith in life, in truth

and righteousness, goodness and God—are not these the characteristic attitudes of the world today? Is not the world today in closest sympathy with those Greeks who came to Philip that day in Jerusalem asking for a vision of Jesus? It may not seem true that all the world longs to see Jesus—for our Christian churches are not crowded these days—only a very small percentage of the people go to church today. But then that was true in the days of Jesus, and even those who did go to church were just good enough to crucify Him. Tarry a moment while we ask ourselves three or four questions concerning the religious or spiritual attitude of the world we live in.

(1) Is it not true that the mass of the people today, even among the rich and well-to-do, even among the captains of industry and the champions of success, and certainly the great rank and file of mankind—of the weary and worn, the tempted and tried, the burdened and the heavy laden, the sinful and the despairing,—substantially all in the various classes of life are deeply unsatisfied, are soul hungry, are Greeks longing for a something of peace, of comfort, of satisfaction? Of course many men and women try to find satisfaction in a thousand varied forms of indulgence, but it is only the chasing of a will-o-the-wisp o'er the swamps. It is only trying to dip up the ocean with a teacup to thus pour the soul into the cup of the senses. And in any case is it not true that men today are confessedly incomplete, unsatisfied, soul hungry?

(2) Is it not true that the deep desire of these men and women, the deepest longing of their souls, the mightiest ambition of their noblest moments,—is not for creature comforts, is not for selfish indulgence, is not for more gold and a mansion by the lake, is not for land or fame or popularity or any possessions that may easily and quickly vanish away, but is somehow the attainment of a shadowy and little understood, but yet clearly pictured goodness or God-ness that would bring peace, that would hold contentment, satisfaction, abiding blessing? Is not that true? Is not the desire of the normal human heart, the sane and sober human mind, or the universal mind in its moments when the cry of the soul is not drowned by the tumult of the flesh and the throb of the passions,—is it not essentially the same holy discontent which sent certain Greeks unto Jerusalem longing to see Jesus?

(3) Are not the mass of men today as little disposed to traditionalism and formalism and Judaism—which is sectarianism, as were their Greek prototypes centuries ago? And unfortunately, is it not somewhat true today, that the church does not speak Greek, does not teach as Jesus taught, seems often more interested in traditions and ceremonies, in customs and forms, than in the ministry of brotherliness and unselfishness, in the service of simple goodness which is Godliness, and of sympathy which is love?

(4) And once more, is it not true that the real religion which the world wants, whether it is clad in silks or in homespun, whether its language is classic English or a Yankee brogue, what the world wants after all is the simple, plain, sympathetic message of the brother man—the Jesus—giving his life for his fellows? Is not this the real need and the deep heart-longing of the human soul?

The church may preach its mysticism and its mythology, its dogmas of inspiration and deity and atonement, of regeneration and final judgment,—and mark me, they are not unimportant for him who has ears to hear them, but as a whole the world neither asks nor cares for these things so far as its discontent, its soul hunger, is concerned. As a rule the world waits for the commonplace message of comfort and hope, the commonplace power of the helping, uplifting hand of the sympathizing brotherliness. The dogmas the world is anxious to hear are those this Jesus preached to those Greeks, making manifest an All-Father of love and fellowship, who merely asks his child to be true to himself, true to the truth he knows, to do the good he sees, obey the duty that commands, serve his brother on the Jericho road, and join in fellowship with the God of self-sacrificing love and loving service.

I am sure it is not true that the world is quite careless and indifferent to all these deeper longings of the soul. It is true that men and women, too, are often so engulfed in the maelstrom of business or the whirlpool of social frivolity that they ignore and stifle the deepest cries of their hearts. The mad rush of the modern world leaves all too little time and strength for the culture of the higher life of the soul. Men are constantly living in the grasp and the surge of material and sensual forces, deaf and blind to the real things, the eternal things of their own deepest lives; but nevertheless they are not satisfied and they do know they are worthy of, capacitated for, summoned and challenged by the eternal things of God. They do know these are the real things and the things forever worth while. In the great emergencies of life, as in the stillness of the house of death, when the cries of the soul are heard, this fundamental and unlosable longing for the Infinite, these heart-reachings for God, reveal the deepest desires of the man made in the divine image. O, I believe it! The men and women of the world today all of them—ALL, do long for a religion to live by, do hunger for a vision of God. And the kind of religion they want is essentially the same as certain Greeks came to Jesus seeking that day in Jerusalem. When we learn to live and preach the simple message of the brotherman, the self-sacrificing Jesus, we shall see men coming to our Jerusalem altars and joining in our songs of praise to the loving Father of us all.

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## Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

APPENDIX.

I have spoken of how Kansas delights to honor this noble woman, of the homes named for her, the welcomes once given her at encampments and campfires, but inadvertently I have failed to tell of the "Mother Bickerdyke Home and Hospital" at Emporia, Kan. It was dedicated in 1895 and is supported by State funds. Not only the old soldiers, but also their widows and orphans, their mothers, if need be, are cared for here, and much is done to make it a pleasant, homelike place for those to whom we owe so much. Its management and equipment is similar to that of the Mother Bickerdyke Home at Ellsworth. Thus it is we keep her name and her memory fresh; thus we honor her; but more than all is the love we bear her, the image of her deeply enshrined in our hearts.

Among the old soldiers who responded to my request for stories of Mother Bickerdyke is one living in Manhattan, Kan., who wrote me thus:

"If I remember right, it was in the campaign of 1880. General John A. Logan was the principal speaker at a Republican rally at Peoria, Ill. During the time of his visit to the city, then my home, I, with others, attended an informal reception given him. Among other topics of interest that of pensions was introduced. The General spoke of the difficulty in

getting proper proof of the justice of one's claim before the Pension Department, and especially with the Medical Board. 'The facts are,' said the General, 'the boys that did the actual fighting had poor hospital records, while the hospital "*bummer*" had the advantage. You boys all know Mother Bickerdyke, God bless her! She had a case in point. I have forgotten the soldier's surname, but I know she called him "Joe." There was difficulty in getting the right kind of proof in his case. The Examining Board found what was presented unsatisfactory and "Joe's" claim was rejected. But Mother Bickerdyke was not to be beaten in that way. She knew she was right and she would not give up—not she. She brought "Joe" to Washington and calling on me said, "General, I want you to go to the Pension Department with me. I have a crippled soldier with me and I want to have him examined by the Board of the Pension Department." I told her I was willing to do everything I could for her—as who would not who knew her?—but that I had some doubts about the Department granting her request for a personal examination. "Well," she said, "that's what we have come here for and we are not going back without it." Even yet I can see the flash of her eyes and hear the determined ring in her voice as she said this. I took her and "Joe" to the Commissioner of Pensions and stated her case to him. He looked doubtful and I thought her request would not be granted. I told him something of Mother Bickerdyke's service in the army and said she outranked me and every other General I had ever known or heard of. The Commissioner replied: "In honor of Mother Bickerdyke, of whom I have heard so much, I will grant this request." Up to this time she had said nothing, but now she thanked him in her hearty, sincere way and then, turning quickly to the old soldier she said, "Joe, are your legs clean?" From that moment her case was won. "Joe" was granted a liberal pension and they went home happy and gratified. The fact was,' concluded the General, '"Joe" had no hospital record, but his "legs" were clean,' and Mother Bickerdyke's determination carried the day."

Knowing the interest with which they would be read, I made a very earnest effort to get letters written by Mother Bickerdyke to her soldier boys in the years since the close of the war. But, whether because such letters were not preserved, or having been preserved, are too precious and too personal for public use, or from other reasons, the effort did not meet with the success I hoped for. The good Senior Editor, always ready to do anything to prove his gratitude and love for one who did so much for him, sent me a very characteristic letter written to him from San Francisco under date of August 30, 1885. I copy it entire:

"Dear Mr. Jones: Your last was duly received, and it always gives me great pleasure to hear from you. I am very thankful for your cool and collected thoughts in answer to my scolding letter, for I was sorely tried that they would attempt to manage me in that way, as if I were not capable of taking care of myself. It was not so much for the amount of money voted me as it was the manner in which they treated me. I felt very grateful to the soldiers for the present and am sorry it was turned into an insult—to them as well as to myself. It was wholly through the egotism of some of our Pacific coast delegates that this affair was so meanly managed.

"They thought it would sound very fine to have circulated around that they had charge of Mother Bickerdyke, and they had their plans laid that four or five dollars was all they would give me at once, as the old lady had not judgment enough to know how to spend it to the best advantage—these are their very words. If I am obliged to have a guardian, let it be a veteran, for then there would be some sympathy between us; but this Commander Warfield enlisted late in March, while Lee surrendered the 11th of April following—so he can boast of an honorable discharge! But enough of this at present. But before I close I wish to inform you that I have not seen or heard anything of the five hundred dollars. Please write at your early convenience. From Mother B. to her far-away boy.

"P. S.—You will find a very good account of my work in 'The Boys in Blue,' and also in Gail Hamilton's 'Woman's Wrongs.'"

I give this letter with no thought of stirring up strife or contention. That would be useless and very undesirable, but simply because it is so like the dear mother when provoked to "righteous indignation," as assuredly she had reason to be in this case. Remembering how she was entrusted, "without note or bond," with many thousands of dollars of money and millions of dollars worth of sanitary supplies in war times, and afterwards in her missionary work in New York and other cities, and for the sufferers in the great forest fires in Michigan and the Chicago fire—the Fitch & Gould Railroad Company alone placed ten thousand dollars in her hands for this purpose, leaving her to use it according to her own *judgment*, remembering, too, the amounts in both money and provisions and clothing given to her to be used for the destitute Kansans in the year when, from Indian raids, droughts, and the "plague of the grasshopper," our fair prairies were laid waste, and our homes made desolate, and how scrupulously every penny and every article was made to do "the greatest good to the greatest number." How can we wonder that she felt deeply hurt and indignant to have it said that she had not "judgment enough" to make the best use of a paltry five hundred dollars? Her lack was not in judgment, but in too great forgetfulness of herself and her needs; the needs of others were never forgotten. Shall we condemn her for this following in the footsteps of the "Elder Brother?" This loving service, so deep, so sincere, that self has no place there? Rather let us be glad that we have had her among us—a strong, beautiful type of motherhood, a "cup bearer" to the very last here, and still, we must believe, a "cup bearer" in the new life to which she has gone.

Another soldier boy between whom and Mother Bickerdyke there was a great love, J. S. Eastwood, formerly of Illinois, now of Eureka, Kan., sends me ten beautiful letters that she wrote him in the years from 1888 to 1893. This man is one of the two boys of eighteen who each lost a leg at the battle of "Peach Tree Creek" and were cared for by Mrs. Bickerdyke in her hospital at Marietta, Ga. They were so young and so alike in many ways that she called them her "babies" and her "twins." (The other "twin" is Alvin Waite, of the 127th Illinois Infantry, as Mr. Eastwood was of the 48th Illinois Infantry.) These letters are teeming with love and motherly interest, full of a mother's solicitude. How she cautions him about being careful not to get a fall on the "poor stump" of a leg left him! She tells him: "Whenever you think to go out in slippery weather remember your Mother Bickerdyke forbids it." She rejoices with him in having a "dear wife and children and plan to meet him either in his own home or at encampments

in different places. She tells him of her health, of her hopes and plans, her work, and all the "ups and downs" of daily life. She tells him of meeting one doctor who attended him while he was in the hospital, and of having a letter from another, and how tenderly they spoke of him. She says: "Dr. Gour says in his last letter to me, 'Can it be possible Eastwood is up and doing? God bless him!'" adding, 'Were there ever two such sympathetic men as Dr. Goslin and Dr. Gour? I revere these two doctors as I do my soldier boys. They were grand men and true, and did their work without flinching." She writes of her plan to have them (Mr. Eastwood and his "twin," Mr. Waite) meet at St. Joseph, Mo., at an encampment and introduce them to Dr. Goslin, saying, "The old Doctor's heart will leap for joy to see you. When I told him I had met you in Topeka he said, 'God had preserved those boys; God bless them!' Now be sure and go," she urges, "it will be a rare treat for you and your wife. We may never have such an opportunity to meet again such dear old friends." She tells him Dr. Goslin is "the same lovable, kind and affectionate doctor that he was at Marietta, and how kindly he spoke of you. No father could speak more highly of you." She wants to "keep my boys all together as far as possible." They have such deep and sacred hold on her heart she cannot let them go, so she writes and writes, and writes, in sickness and in health, even as an own mother would do. What wonder the soldiers cherish these letters even as they cherish her memory? What wonder that they count them too precious to give to the public, but would hold them sacred to themselves alone? To us all her memory is as a precious gem—a "pearl of great price" in life's casket; but to the soldier it is doubly, trebly so, because of the hardships, the dangers, and the privations they bore together, and all she did and was to them. Of her we may say in the quaintly beautiful words of proverbs: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all," and truly "her own words shall praise her."

MOTHER BICKERDYKE AND MRS. LIVERMORE.

"'Careful with fire, is good advice we know,
'Careful with words,' is ten times doubly so.''

In telling this story of Mother Bickerdyke I have earnestly tried to be "careful with words" and to write only what I knew to be true, but "to err is human." I should do a double wrong did I not add more to what I have already written of the relation between those two noble women, Mother Bickerdyke and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

I have told you of Mrs. Bickerdyke's being particularly hurt that Mrs. Livermore seemed to picture her as an ignorant, uneducated woman, and how she said to me, "Mary Livermore knew better than that. I cannot understand why she did it." In writing to her son, Mr. Hiram B. Bickerdyke, I spoke of this, quoting what his mother said, and told how it hurt her. He replied as follows:

"As to Mrs. Mary A. Livermore I will say that as I knew her, I do not believe she did intentionally endeavor to get mother in a wrong light. Her phrases, 'As untutored speech,' etc., etc., that, by some, seemed to convey the idea of gross ignorance, were never intended to be so construed by Mrs. Livermore. Remember, those were trying times. Mrs. Livermore was a literary woman, devoting her time, as many other patriotic women did, for the Union cause, and she did her best as she saw it. She was a practical woman in her class. On the other hand, mother was a woman of intense practical ways, with a will of iron, a clear-sightedness, and powers of discernment rarely ever seen, with a wonderful executive ability unsurpassed in her time. These are the traits Mrs. Livermore endeavored to describe. She saw mother and knew her during the times of mighty efforts that would not brook flowery speech nor literary phrasing. Here was a character with the above traits combined with the most unselfish ways. This Mrs. Livermore tried to impress upon all. Mother's word was law with Mrs. Livermore and her coworkers. Mother had their confidence and good will, and there was nothing they would not do for her. Her recommendations must be carried out to the smallest detail. I have seen all this as I describe it. And I know, further, that there have been people who have enlarged upon some of Mrs. Livermore's writings (concerning mother) to depreciate her in mother's estimation *because they did not receive attention at her hands,* as mother did. These are the facts. How much more mother had told her about Mrs. Livermore, after I saw her last, I do not know, but while I was with her she had the highest regard and esteem for Mrs. Livermore, and I, as her son, still sustain it. I have with mother's letters and papers some letters from parties that state the same as I have written you. They deplore the scant courtesy they receive at Mrs. Livermore's hands, and further, say that they *and mother* 'were of the common and ignorant class and hence will receive no recognition.' I presume such statements were sent to others, and, like all untruths, travelled fast. I believe they may have had their influence with mother. You wish the truth and I have written it. Your sketches should be rectified if they contain other than I have stated regarding this matter." A few days later he wrote me again, saying: "I take time to set you right as to Mrs. Livermore's regard for mother by sending you a copy of her last letter, sent on mother's birthday. It speaks volumes in itself and needs no comment. I am aware there have been many who were only too glad to cause estrangement between mother and Mrs. Livermore for their own notoriety and advancement. If I had not known Mrs. Livermore at a time when her womanhood was shown by her glorious character and staunch friendship, I might think differently from what I now do. It should be the last thing to be allowed that any reflections be cast on the friendship of these two grand women. You have my consent to use this letter of Mrs. Livermore's if you wish. I have several others and all contain the same staunch, loyal feeling and friendship as here shown."

Believing this letter will be of general interest, I give it. It is dated at Melrose, Mass., July 15, 1897, and runs thus:

"My Dear old Friend and Comrade: I see by the papers that the G. A. R. of Kansas will celebrate your birthday on the 19th of July, when you will be eighty years old. I wish I could be with you on that day to assist in the celebration, and if you lived in Chicago instead of Kansas I would start directly to participate in the great day. The noble men of the G. A. R. cannot honor you too highly, nor express too strongly their sense of the great work you did during the war. I see that your army record, which was a record of service to the sick and wounded soldiers in camp, hospital and on the battlefield, *transcends that of all other women.* What a mother you were to them! How you labored for them! and spent yourself for them and in their behalf! I am glad that they are grateful to you! I am proud that they remember

you! I sometimes meet old soldiers here in the East who were in the hospitals where you cared for them, and their grateful regard is unbounded. They always ask me to remember them to you with thankful love.

"Well, those days have gone, and you and I will never be called to render service in another war, for we are near the end of the journey. Mrs. Eliza Porter and Mrs. Jane Hoge, of Chicago, Abby W. May and Abby Gannett, of Boston, all co-workers with both of us, and friends of ours, have passed away to the Better Land, whither we shall soon follow. I am thankful that I was privileged to work for the boys in blue, as I doubt not you are. It enriched us by giving us larger sympathies and precious memories. I am glad you are with your son, and I hope the other boy is still spared to you. Mr. Livermore and Etta and Lizzie send their love to you and their best wishes. Mr. Livermore will be eighty years old in ten months, and I am seventy-six. I enclose a picture of myself, taken when I was seventy-six—the very day. You see I have greatly changed. My children are well and live near me—Etta, with her six children, living opposite, and Lizzie unmarried and still at home. She has always been an invalid. One of my grandsons was married June 2 on his twenty-third birthday.

"With much love I am your old friend, Mary A. Livermore." And then, womanlike, she adds a postscript to say: "Mr. Livermore is perfectly well and is not yet gray."

These little details of home life prove how true and deep the friendship was, how sincere the interest each felt for the other. And still we believe the friendship abides—the loving interest continues now that they have reached the journey's end and met in the "Better Land" of their hopes and dreams, for

"We know God does not mean
To break the strands reaching between the Here and There."

And while the soul lives its love lives, too.

If further proof is needed to show that, once at least, Mrs. Bickerdyke thought well of all Mrs. Livermore had written of her, I can give it from a letter of one of the old "boys in blue," who sold Mrs. Livermore's book, "My Story of the War." He says:

"I can vouch for the correctness of what Mrs. Livermore wrote about Mother Bickerdyke. Before I took the agency I went to Mother and asked her if she approved of what Mrs. Livermore wrote. Mrs. Mary R———— was her amanuensis then. Mother Bickerdyke turned to her and said, 'Write anything that Mrs. Livermore writes is true,' adding, 'I guess that is enough.' She affixed her signature to it and I still have it and prize it very highly. It was through those few lines that I sold a good many books. Mrs. Livermore's book deals with a work that historians know but little about. The home folks did a noble work for the soldier boys."

It must have been by slow and insidious degrees that the change was wrought in the good old mother's mind that made her feel so dear a friend as Mrs. Livermore had done her wrong in any way, but it must all be right between them ere this; the mists of earthly mistakes must have rolled away and left them glad and happy co-workers again in that land

"Where we find the joy of loving
As we never loved before,—
Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,
Loving once, forevermore."

As I unwittingly helped to spread the story of this mistaken feeling of Mother Bickerdyke's, I am more than glad to help in correcting it.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

The following is as complete a bibliography of material pertaining to Mother Bickerdyke as I have been able to make up to date. The two books, devoted wholly to her and the work she did, are: "Mary A. Bickerdyke—Mother," by Mrs. Julia A. Chase. Written at the instigation of the Women's Relief Corps of Kansas. Published by The Journal Publishing House, Lawrence, Kan., in 1896, and "Mother Bickerlyke and the Soldiers." Written by Mrs. Margaret B. Davis. Published by the A. T. Dewey Fraternal Publishing Company, San Francisco, Cal. The others in the list give each a more or less extended account of her life and work in connection with that of many others. They are:

"My Story of the War." By Mary A. Livermore. Published by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn., 1889.
"Women of the War." By Frank Moore.
"Our Army Nurses." By Mary A. G. Holland. Published in 1895.
"Boys in Blue." By Mrs. A. H. Hoge, of Chicago.
"Women's Relief Corps," Kansas.
"Under the Guns." By Mrs. Whittenmyer.
"Woman's Wrongs." By Gail Hamilton.
"Old Colony Memorial." Plymouth, Mass.
"Our Branches." Chicago Sanitary Commission.
An Address by Mrs. Julia A. Chase, in volume VII of Kansas History.

The following newspapers give sketches of Mrs. Bickerdyke:

The St. Louis (Mo.) *Globe-Democrat* for May 23, 1897.
Topeka (Kan.) *Mail and Breeze*, July 9, 1897.
Kansas City *Times*, May 19, 1901, and November 14, 1901.
Topeka (Kan.) *Herald*, November 19, 1901.
Tokeka (Kan.) *State Journal*, November 10, 1901.
Russell (Kan.) *Record*, November 16, 1901, and at various other dates before this one.
Russell (Kan.) *Reformer*, July 16 and 23, 1897, and November 16, 1901.
New York *Tribune*, December 1, 1901.
Milwaukee *Sentinel*, June 9, 1897.
Salina *Union*, September 17, 1903.
A Gypsum City, Kan., paper, date unknown.

Also a very interesting sketch of her was given in a Washington, D. C., magazine not long after the close of the war, written by Mrs. Mary Logan Tucker (a daughter of Gen. John A. Logan), who edited said magazine.

Sketches of her have been given in a great many papers and periodicals that I cannot mention. At the time of the celebration of her eightieth birthday on July 17, 1897, and again at the time of her death, November 8, 1901, there was probably not a paper in Kansas that did not print interesting articles about her, and such articles were given in the prominent newspapers of many different states, especially in the Western states, where she was best known and loved.

In some of these sketches I have found help in the writing of my story, particularly so in the books "My Story of the War," "Boys in Blue," "Our Army Nurses," and "Mother Bickerdyke and the Soldiers," for all of which, as well as for the help given me by old soldiers and other personal friends, I make glad and grateful acknowledgment. May the kindness shown me be returned in tenfold measure to each heart and home, and may none of us fail to learn the lessons taught by this beautiful life of love and service lived in our midst by our dear old Mother Bickerdyke.

---

If you prepare a dish of food carelessly you do not expect Providence to make it palatable; neither, if through years of folly you misguide your own life, need you expect divine interference to bring round everything at last as if you had done right.—*John Ruskin.*

# THE WATCH TOWER

*Watchman, tell us of the night;*
*What its signs of promise are!*

## The Week

*The Holidays.*

From the contemplation of the kaleidoscopic panorama of this past week's human events, which present as many varieties and contrasts as a Turner sun-set, the Watch Tower man turns his eyes upward for a moment with relief to survey the benign spirit of Christendon's greatest holiday. He sees it hovering over our broad land from Cape Cod to Catalina, from Copper to Cotton. Prosperity has gilded its wings, and for that reason perhaps a greater radiance of good-will is suffused over the landscape. The man on the Tower begs leave to digress for one brief moment from his epexegetical groove, just long enough to extend to the chance reader the season's greetings, which, happily, never seem to grow conventional, and to express the wish that this holiday week, when baser motives are quite universally being subordinated to love, cheerfulness, brotherliness and generosity, may bring to all a larger measure of hope, serenity, good cheer, enthusiasm and confidence in destiny. These are basic elements in this comico- tragic game we are set to play, and must be conserved. Let Christmas corral them for us afresh.

*Ambassador Bryce.*

Officialdom at Washington and all citizens of high and low degree who keep themselves informed on matters of public interest, are rejoicing over the appointment of the Hon. James Bryce as Ambassador to this country from the Court of St. James. One almost wonders that England has not sent him before, for what Englishman is better qulified to come to Washington as Britannia's right arm than the author of the "American Commonwealth"? While Mr. Bryce has not worked his way up through the ranks of trained diplomatists, he is nevertheless thoroughly fitted for the new place, by virtue of the fact, which is ungrudgingly conceded, that in all matters of statecraft he is *facile princeps.* Our people are agreed that Mr. Bryce is of true ambassadorial caliber, and welcome him not only as a relief from the somewhat colorless and stereotyped incumbency of his immediate predecessor, but as a man of letters, a statesman of repute, a cultured gentleman, who honors us by coming to dwell among us. As a contemporary puts it, Mr. Bryce will be "*persona gratissima.*"

*The Retiring Ambassador.*

There is newspaper gossip afloat to the effect that the recall of Sir Mortimer Durand was due to the intriguing of a certain female scion of some British family of ancient lineage, more ancient in fact than the lineage of Sir Mortimer's family. *Hinc illae lacrymae!* This woman. while attempting to adorn Washington society last winter, is said to have exacerbated the English Ambassador beyond endurance by her ultra-continental notions of caste, and to have been the brazen purveyor of divers uncomplimentary remarks anent many of our foremost American citizens at the Capitol. Upon being properly rebuked, so it is alleged, she faded from view, and when next heard from had gained the royal ear and brought about the downfall of Sir Mortimer. All of which may be important if true. At any rate it does not serve to alter the fact that we shall be glad to receive a plenipotentiary of the Bryce stamp, who has the brains whether or not the pedigree.

*Ignatieff.*

Another Russian court reactionary fell a victim to a revolutionary assassin on Saturday last, Count Alexis Ignatieff, ex-Governor of Kieff and a member of the Czar's council. From the accounts he seems to have been one of the leaders of the Monarchist party, a coadjutor of the unspeakable Trepoff, a cordial foe of radicalism, a dyed-in-the-wool supporter of any and all "repressive measures." Such an uncompromising and prominent representative of Russian traditionalism could not but be a shining mark. Russian assassinations are a close second to presidential messages as diurnal news items. Next!

*The Entombed Miner.*

The remarkable case of Hicks, the miner who was "buried alive" for fifteen days deep down in the earth at Bakersfield, Cal., was brought to a conclusion last Sunday morning by his heroic rescue at the hands of his fellows. Furnished with food for twelve days through a seventy-foot pipe that was forced through the debris and providentially struck the pocket in which he was confined, lying scarcely able to move beneath countless tons of rock and earth, yet coolly directing the work of rescue, Hicks was for two weeks the recipient of universal sympathy, and an object of admiration for his marvelous display of courage and endurance. The story reads like a tale from Verne or Poe.

*Church vs. State in France.*

Comment has been made in these columns heretofore on the present conflict between the French government and the Vatican, the latest phase of that old controversy that seeks to divorce Church from State, on the belief that the functions of each are separate and distinct. (Viz.: the Roosevelt-Storer episode.) The last reports from France indicate a clearing of the atmosphere, and probabilities of no further serious difficulties. The State has scored undeniably, however. The Church as a temporal power must go, unless evolution works backwards. Cardinal Gibbons, to whom his long residence in this country of independent development ought to have shown the unwisdom of the recent papal stubbornness, has undertaken to interfere in behalf of the Pope, but finds the Clemenceau governemnt inexorable.

*Zion.*

Dowie's communistic hierarchy crumbling on its shattered founuations records another failure of one of those social experiments in which either some one individual does all the thinking for the community, or the community does all the thinking for itself collectively—or thinks it does. Whichever way they are tried, they do not and cannot dovetail with the established economy of human society. They are irrational, as absurd as the attempt to reduce two-thirds to an even decimal. Dowie did the thinking for Zion before his fall, since which time his half-abandoned sheep, bewildered by less forceful leaders, have found life a delusion and a snare. Zion's obsequies are soon to be observed and its affairs wound up. It is only a question of the least painful and most profitable method. Peace to Zion!

*Sunday Closing in Chicago.*

Alderman Kenna, otherwise known to fame as "Hinky Dink," is endeavoring to make more sure his claim to immortal fame by entering the lists as champion of the "liberty of the Sabbath" against the Law and Order League. He has retained Attorney Levy Mayer, and with plenty of "booze money" behind him will doubtless give the exponents of Sunday closing a stiff contest.

*Chicago Traction.*

It is generally conceded that the traction problem in Chicago has been satisfactorily solved. At any rate the people want proper modern service at once without further debate or wrangling, and are not in accord with the Mayor's suggestion that the whole matter lie in abeyance until it can be referred to a popular vote in the spring. Warm, commodious, comfortable cars, and plenty of them right away, is the slogan. P. S. W.

## The Ideal of the Labor Union

The power of labor unions rest in the loyalty not only of the members, but of all working people, to the ideal which underlies the unions—the dignity of labor—the sacredness of the day's work. The fact that every workingman may not realize that he is loyal to an ideal, does not alter the fact—he is loyal, and his loyalty underlies his every act. This loyalty gives a power to the unions which cannot be computed in terms of the commercial world; it is the motive, however, animating a force which the commercial world must recognize and direct with judgment. The power of unions is unlimited and may be used to the physical, mental, and moral advancement of the workingman or it may be directed to his destruction; it may serve the advancement of mankind or it may retard the increasing purpose of the ages. The need of labor unions, as the need of a nation, is for intelligent leadership. The power is there, who shall direct it?—*J. T. Lincoln, in the September Atlantic.*

"Made in His Image," by Guy Thorne, deals with our industrial affairs. It undertakes to solve the problem what to do with the great body of dependents found in every city. It has a love story that runs through the discussion, and is by no means the least attractive part of it.

## THE HOME

### Helps to High Living

SUN.—Happy the soul that by contact with great thoughts learns what it is that makes a world fair.

MON.—There is only one path to social welfare, and that is the liberation of the individual to work out his own good fortune, unhampered by any one, unhampering any one.

TUES.—It is essentially an individual thing to live, an affair between nature and man, not between nature and men.

WED.—Even the mistakes of independence are more valuable and more educative than the noiseless, perfect mechanism of an outwardly imposed rule.

THURS.—Whatever else it may be in addition, education is essentially an inner process, a change of heart, the revelation of a world larger and more beautiful than any we have yet made.

FRI.—In point of seriousness, the moral equipment of a nation is far more important than its technical and formal training.

SAT.—No belief is good simply because its immediate effect is comforting; for life being a unit, a single stream of consciousness, any lack of unity contaminates the whole.

*—The Children of Good Fortune, by C. Hanford Henderson.*

### A Real True Story

"Grandma, tell us a story, will you? Not one of those 'bout fairies you make up as you go along, 'cause I think those are really 'bout us; but a real true story, and please don't end it by asking if we don't think we ought to be as good as fairies, seeing we're so much bigger. Please do, Grandma."

Grandma laid down her knitting and rested her head against the back of the chair, with her eyes shut and her hands folded. Gradually a smile spread over her face, and Katharine knew her wish was already granted.

"Yes, dear, I will. Come and sit in this chair with me, so that James and Sterling can draw their chairs nearer, and I'll tell you about something that happened to me when I was about as old as your mother is. How would you like that?"

"Fine!" they all cried, and Katharine cuddled down at Grandma's side feeling sure that this story would be a "good one."

"But, Grandma," asked Jimmie, who said he was going to be a soldier and play on the big bass-drum, "is it exciting?"

"Please keep still, Jimmie," interrupted Katharine, "how can Grandma begin while you are talking?"

"Yes, James, it is very exciting, and I wished then that I had a big boy with a sword like yours to protect me. This story is about the time when grandfather and I and my sister Faith were visiting at the old farm where Aunt Sabrina and Uncle Ephraim lived.

"One night grandfather sent word out to us that he and Uncle Ephraim would not come home that night, for they were going to stay in town on business. Just the way your father does, don't you know, Sterling?"

"Yeth, gwandmothah."

"Well, Aunt Sabrina was afraid to stay alone, but Sister Faith, who was brave like James, said she wasn't frightened, and I thought I wouldn't be, so we stayed alone."

"But, Grandma," said Katharine, sitting up, "where were the cook and Anna?"

"Oh, they were both there, but they slept in the third story and were more afraid to be alone than we were, for it was lonesome in that old-fashioned, many-roomed house. The windows could be reached from the ground, you see, and there were so many dark corners. We three went around together and carefully locked all the windows and doors, and then went to bed. But I mustn't forget to tell you one thing that belongs to the story. Aunt Sabrina had a bad cold and had lost her voice."

"Where did thee looth it, Gwandmothah?" Sterling inquired seriously.

"That means, Sterling, that she couldn't talk out loud but could just whisper. Well, I had just dozed off into a light sleep, when a fearful pounding on the back door made me start up in bed. Aunt Sabrina, in nightcap and nightdress, was already in our room, saying in a tragic whisper, 'Don't you hear that noise? I fear someone is trying to break in.' Sister Faith and I listened and once more heard a great commotion at the back of the house. Going into the hall, we found the servants already there trembling with fear. The noise would stop for a while, and then a pounding and a thumping would come which fairly seemed to shake the house.

"We decided that when we were sure the burglars were really in the house, I should jump out on the roof of the front porch and scream for help. Just then a terrific pounding came, and we thought the back door had been broken in. I was on the roof in a second, screaming as hard as I could. Aunt Sabrina kept saying in her awestruck whisper, 'My dear, you have a fine voice for screaming, a fine voice for screaming.'

"After a few minutes I heard an answering call, and two men came running down the road offering to assist us. But how to get them inside? For we were all afraid to go down and open the front door. While we were trying to think up some way the men had climbed up the pillars of the porch and were ready to go downstairs.

"We went quietly down the dark stairway, the men first and we three following. The men were armed, but we each carried a hatpin, and Sister Faith had a poker, too. Through the dining-room we went, then softly opening the kitchen door, what do you think we saw?"

"What?" the three asked, their eyes like saucers.

"All the milk-pans were on the floor, and a basket of potatoes which had stood on a shelf near the door had been overturned, but the door was whole and locked. The pounding still kept up, so one of the men carefully opened the door and saw—not an awful masked burglar, but the old Jersey cow which Pat had forgotten to milk that night. We could hardly believe our eyes, but there she stood, and had been pounding on the door with her horns to remind us of forgotten duties."

"Oh, Grandma," they cried again, somewhat reproachfully.

"My dears," and the old lady smiled again, "that's a true story. But old Buttercup was the only cow I ever saw that knew enough to do that. Yes, it's a true, a real true story."—*Elizabeth R. Dickerson.*

---

People talk of the smoking habit and the swearing habit and the drinking habit, but not of the abstention habit or the moderation habit or the courage habit.

But the fact is that our virtues are habits as much as our vices. As we become permanent drunkards by so many separate drinks, so we become saints in the moral, and authorities and experts in the political and scientific spheres by so many separate acts and hours of work. *Wm. James.*

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# THE FIELD

***"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."***

## Foreign Notes

SOULS FOR SALE.—Many things grave and tender, sad, strange, and unusual are transpiring these days in connection with the religious changes going on in France. Probably never since the days of the early Huguenots has there been a time when the religious conditions and problems in that country were of so vital importance at home and the subject of so much sympathetic interest abroad.

For this reason the columns of the *Protestant* are just now of unusual interest. Seeing in a recent issue the strange caption: *Les âmes à vendre* (souls for sale), there flashed through my mind reminiscences of the strange Russian novel, "Dead Souls," and the wonder what such a Gogolesque caption might mean in the columns of a religious newspaper. Here is my rendering of the singular little narrative it headed:

"Let me tell you what a pastor of my acquaintance did, for his example might very advantageously be followed in some other localities. Coming into a very Catholic place to take up the work of preaching the gospel, he very soon found a multitude of people coming to him, proposing to become his converts for a financial consideration. Astonished at their numbers and at the assurance with which they presented themselves, he investigated the matter and discovered that the local priests, by repeated statements of theirs, were the real, though unwitting instigators of these strange proposals.

"Resolved to put an end, if possible, to such stupid misapprehension, our pastor adopted the following plan:

"A man presented himself.

"Sir, I wish to adopt your religion.

"Very good. What is your reason for wishing to do so?

"Well, sir, you know we are not very well-to-do around here, and——

"I see, you want some money, do you? Pray, how do you know that we have any to give?

"I have heard so at the church.

"Ah, indeed! How much do you ask then?

"The same as others, sir . . . and I have a wife and several children who will follow my example.

"At this point the pastor gravely asks for the name, forenames and addresses of the individual. These being duly noted he resumes:

"Very well, how much do you want?

"Three hundred francs, sir, the same as others.

"The pastor, very decidedly: 'That is too much.' He then makes his client come down on his prices. The latter gradually reduces his demands, coming down to 100, to fifty and finally to five francs.

"By that time, if the pastor's indignation or pity have not burst forth sooner, he gives the poor fellow a severe reprimand and turns him out.

"The would-be convert thus disposed of, the pastor takes up his pen and addresses a note to the parish priest somewhat as follows:

"Dear Sir:

"Mr. So-and-So, living at such a street, number and floor, has introduced himself to me offering to change his religion for a money consideration.

"Believing that only the direst poverty or the densest ignorance could have brought him to such a shameful extremity, I take the liberty of commending him to your pastoral solicitude.

"Yours, etc.,

"Signed: ——— ———,

"Protestant Pastor."

Several dozen similar letters addressed to the different parish priests of the city, followed by as many visits from them to their delinquent parishioners, soon put an end to the scandalous discourses of the former, and to the interested calls of the latter upon the Protestant pastor.

Since then nobody in the city in question, at least, has dared to say that the Protestants buy souls.

"Leon Pilatte."

(Quoted in the "*Eclaireur.*")

Could one have a better example of tactics on the one side met by a truly admirable tact on the other?

---

I desire to thank Mrs. Dennis Murphy, of Louisville, Ky., for $1 contributed to the Boer Home Industries fund of Miss Emily Hobhouse. There is still time to add to the sum that will be sent to the treasurer of the fund the first of the new year. M. E. H.

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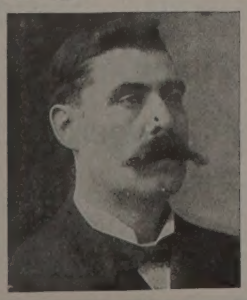

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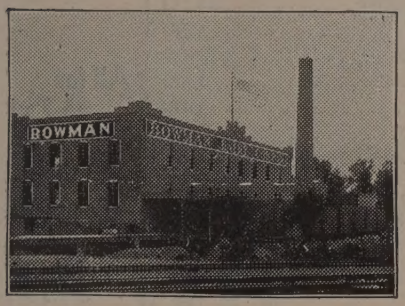


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